

THE NOTTED
HISTORY
OF
MOTHER GRIM,

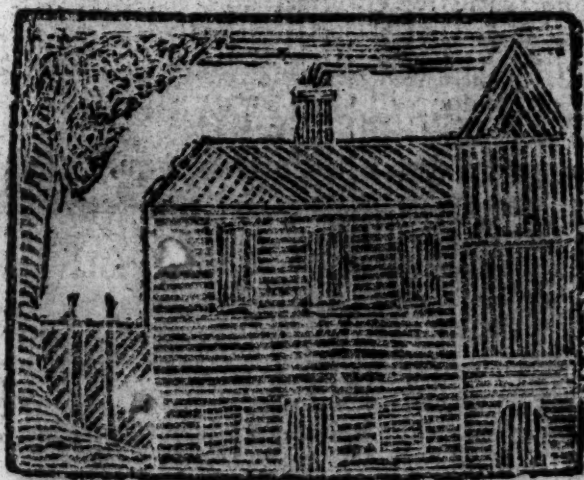
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COMMONLY CALLED GOODY GRIM'S WITTY

TALES,
VERY CURRIOUS FOR A WINTER
EVENING.



PRINTED THIS PRESENT YEAR.

THE
P U B L I S H E R,

BRITISH MUSEUM
TO THE
C A N D I D R E A D E R.

AS those who write in rhyme, still make
The one verse for the other's sake :
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
They think sufficient at one time ;
But writing without rhyme or reason,
Is, 'gainst the state of learning, treason ;
So here you'll find our good old Mother,
For one tale's sake oft make another ;
In holding forth, it not abuse is
To make the peachment for the uses,
And no geometer miscarries,
In proving truths for corollaries.
We know that what is first intended,
Is always last in being ended,
No man of candor will abuse her,
And this to criticks will excuse her,
Whether you hate her tales, or love them,
Condemn them rashly, or approve them,
Yea, whither they shall sink or swim,
'Tis much the same to Mother Grim.
The carlin now is at her rest,
Beyond the reach of taunt or jest,
She bid me (when alive) assure you,
It was to please, not to injure you,
These tales were told : and well she knew,
When first she told them, they were true,
And now concern no man alive,
Or may (said Grim) I never thrive ;

The persons all are dead and gone
 But what has been may still be done,
 There's nothing new beneath the sun.

}

OLD
 MOTHER GRIM'S
 TALES.

INTRODUCTION.

UPON a time liv'd Goody Grim,
 The great grandchild of Father Him;
 And Him, so all accounts agree,
 Was great granchild to Father He.
 This he, as all our authors tell us,
 Kept company with the best of fellows,
 Of heath'nish Gods, and Whigs, and Tories,
 And learned many witty stories,
 Which, handed down from He to Him,
 Came all, at last, to Goody Grim;
 Who, when she was sixscore years old,
 And never touch'd with cough nor cold,
 At warm fireside, o'er pot of ale,
 Would spin out many a witty tale,
 Full of instruction and delight,
 And as long as the winter's night.

But when old Grim by death was worried,
 And laid into her grave, and buried,
 Bedaub'd with soot, and snuff, and bubblings,
 Her grandchild found these following scribblings,
 With fifty merks, no more nor less,
 To put her writings to the press.

T A L E I.

A G R E C I A N T A L E.

THERE liv'd, quoth Grim, a King and Queen,
 As many in the world have been ;
 And this good King was call'd Saturnus,
 'Tis ture, or you have leave to burn us,
 Or rather drown me in a ditch ;
 For tho' I'm old, I am no witch.
 In his reign was the age of gold,
 As by the poets we are told ;
 Who, tho' they be romancing fellows,
 Yet of this age all that they tell us
 Is true in every jot and tittle ;
 Instead of much, they say too little.
 Then justice, peace, and truth, and plenty,
 And good things, more than ten times twenty,
 Prevail'd among our towns and tribes ;
 No pensions then, nor posts, nor bribes,
 Confer'd on members, to support
 A corrupt ministry and court ;
 The subjects paid no pounds nor pence,
 To pamper a luxurious prince.

Good men, by nat'ral procreation,
 Have had bad sons in every nation,
 For grace goes not by generation.
 The first sons of a human creature,
 When two, were of a different nature ;
 The one was godly, good and civil,
 The other an incarnate devil,
 Who griev'd his father and his mother,
 By murdering his godly brother.

So Saturn had a graceless son,
 Who long'd to mount his fathers throne ;

This youth (who was bred up in Crete,
 And taught full well to lie and cheat,
 A viperish imp, or hellish rather
 To persecute so good a father,)
 Rigg'd out a very potent fleet,
 In his own native country Crete,
 Well mann'd with godless lying Cretians,
 And dregs of all the other nations,
 With pagan priests and Ganymedes,
 Who had practis'd their hellin'h trades,
 And fled to Crete themselves to shelter
 From what they well deserv'd, a halter.
 With this rare menzie coming o'er,
 He reached peaceful Saturn's shore,
 And, like a godless graceless son,
 Expell'd his father from his throne,
 Seiz'd all his goods and his platium,
 And dr^{aw} him thence to lurk in Latium.

To tell you the sad desolation,
 The doleful dumps and denaition,
 The barr'ness of th' accursed soil,
 Which mock'd the painfull tiller's toil,
 And painted famine in each face,
 Religion painted with disgrace,
 Decrease of trade, increase of taxes,
 And honest men debar'd all access
 To posts of honour, power, or trust,
 Decay of wealth, and growth of lust,
 Incestine frauds, and feuds, and jars
 And useles bloody foreign wars,
 The burdens under which men groan'd,
 By few regarded, none bemoan'd,
 And all the other desolations,
 Wrought by thar cursed crew of Cretains,
 And all the ills that did ensue
 The coming of this crafty crew,

Would be a melancholy tale ;
 The thought e'en makes my spirits fail.
 With grief old Grim was so oppress'd,
 She fainted, thratch'd, and groan'd the rest
 Of this sad dismal, doleful tale,
 And made sign to fetch her ale.
 The poets strangely do amuse us
 With invocations of the Muses ;
 And make us think, which very odd is,
 Each of the Nine a powerful Goddess,
 Who, by their skill, can soon inspire us,
 And with proetick fury fire us ;
 So have they cramm'd our heads with stories,
 And mask'd plain truth with allegories.
 These Nine, in truth, were merry lasses,
 Who sold good liquor in Parnassus,
 Which oftimes set mens heads on rhyming,
 On fiddling, whistling, piping, chiming,
 And made their tongues glib in romancing,
 Or set their agile feet a-dancings
 For all the poets inspiration
 Proceeded from a good collation
 As by the sequel will appear,
 When Goody Grim, instead of beer,
 Had got a glass of forty-nine
 It made her wit and stile to shine
 Beyond the power of muddy ale,
 Which you'll see by the following tale.

T A L E II.

T A R Q U I N A N D T U L L I A.

A R O M A N T A L E.

IN times when Princes conceal'd nature's law,
 And declarations with themselves did draw,

When children us'd their parents to dethrone,
 And gnaw their way, like vipers, to a crown,
 Tarquin, a savage, proud ambitious prince,
 Prompt to expel, yet thoughtless of defence,
 The envy'd sceptre did from Tullus snatch,
 The Roman King, and father by the match.

To form his party, histories report,
 A sanctuary was open'd in his court,
 Where glad offenders safely resort. }
 Great was the croud, and wonderous the success,
 (For these were fruitful times of wickedness,)
 And all that liv'd obnoxious to the laws
 Fled to Prince Tarquin, and embrac'd his cause.
 'Mongst these a pagan priest for refuge fled,
 A prophet deep in holy faction bred ;
 A suppliant, who knew the modish way
 To cant and plot, to flatter and betray,
 To whin and sin, to scribble and recant,
 A shameless author, and a lustful saint ;
 To serve all times he could distinctions coin,
 And with great ease flat contradictions join ;
 A traitor now, once loyal in extreme,
 And then obedience was his only theme ;
 He sung in temples the most passive lays,
 And wearied Monarchs with repeated praise,
 But manag'd awkwardly that lawful part,
 For to vent lies and treason was his art,
 And pointed libels at crown'd heads to dart. }

This priest, with others learned to defame,
 First murder'd injur'd Tullus in his name :
 With blackest columnies their sovereign load,
 A poison'd brother, and dark league abroad ;
 A son unjustly top'd upon the throne,
 Who since has prov'd undoubtedly his own,
 That, as the law was then, 'twas his behoof,
 Who disposseis'd the heir, to bring the proof

This hellish charge they back'd with dismal frights,
The use of property and sacred rites
And freedom, words which all false patriots use,
The surest way the Romans to abuse,
Jealous of Kings, and always malecontent,
Forward to change, and certain to repent.

Whilst thus the plotters needless fears create,
Tarquin with open force invades the state :
Lewd nobles join him with their feeble might,
And atheists (fools) for dear religious fight ;
The priests their boasted liberties disown,
And level their harraugues against the throne :
Vain promises the people's mind allure,
Slight were the ills, but desperate the cure,
'Tis hard for Kings to steer an equal course ;
But they who banish one oft get a worse.
These heav'nly bodies we admire above,
Do every one irregularly move :
Yet Tullus is decreed to lose his crown,
For faults that were his council's, not his own.
In vain he now commands ev'n those he paid,
By darling troops deserted and betray'd,
And creatures which his genial warmth had made. }

'Mongst these a Captain of his guards was worst,
Whose memory to this day stands accurs'd ;
This rogue, advanc'd to military trust
By his own whoredom and his sisters lust,
Forsook his master, after dreadful vows,
And plotted to betray him to his foes ;
The kindest master to the vilest slave,
Ready to give, as he was sure to crave.

His haughtily female, who, as books declare,
Did always tols wide nostrils in the air,

Was to the younger Tullia governess,
 And did assist her, when, in borrow'd dress,
 She fled, by night, from Tullus in distress.
 This wretch; by letters, did invite his foes,
 And us'd all means her father to dispose;
 A father always generously bent,
 So kind that he her wishes did prevent.

'Twas now high time for Tullus to retreat,
 When his own daughters hasten'd his defeat,
 When faith and duty vanish'd, and no more
 The power of father, nor of King he bore;
 A King whose right his foes could ne'er dispute,
 So good, that mercy was his attribute;
 Affable and kind, and easy of access,
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to oppress;
 Rich without taxes, yet in payment just,
 So honest that he hardly could distrust.
 His active soul did ne'er from trouble cease,
 Valiant in war, and sedulous in peace;
 Studious with traffick to enrich the land,
 Stout to protect, and skilful to command;
 Liberal and splendid, yet without excess;
 Loath to revenge, and willing to censure:
 In fine, how god-like must his nature be,
 Whole only fault was too much piety?

This King remov'd, th' assembled states thought fit,
 That Tarquin in the vacant throne should sit,
 Voted him regent in the senate-house,
 And with an empty name endow'd his spouse,
 The elder Tullia, who, some authors feign,
 Drove o'er her father's corps a trembling wain;
 But she, more guilty, numerous wains did drive,
 To crush her father and her King alive;
 In glad remembrance of his hasten'd fall,
 Did institute a solemn weekly ball;

The jolly glutton grew in bulk in chin,
 Feasted in rapin, and enjoy'd her sin;
 With luxury she did weak reason force,
 Debauch'd good nature, and cram'd down remorse;
 Yet when she drank cold-tea in lib'ral sups,
 The sobbing dame was Magd'len in her cups.

But brutal Tarquin never did relent,
 Too hard to melt, too wicked to repent;
 Cruel in deeds, more merciless in will,
 Blest with a natural delight in ill.
 From a wise guardin he receiv'd his doom,
 To walk th' exchange, and not to govern Rome.
 His native honours he did once disown,
 And did by perjury ascend the throne.
 Ah! had these oaths his swelling pride repress,
 Rome then had been with peace and plenty blest;
 But Tarquin, guided by destructive fate,
 Wasted the country, and embroil'd the state;
 To Roman foes transported Roman pelf,
 That by their ruin he might save himself.
 Innumerable foes possess the land,
 Flowing in rivers from th' usurpers hand;
 So just was heav'n, that it was hard to tell,
 Whether their guilt or losses did excell.

They who renounc'd their God for dearer trade,
 Are now the guardains of religion made;
 Rebels are sainted, foreigners did reign,
 Outlaws return'd prefarment to attain,
 With frogs, and toads, and all the croaking train. }
 No native knew their features or their birth,
 The seem'd the greasy offspring of the earth.
 The trade was sunk the fleet and army spent,
 Devouring taxes swallow'd lesser rent;
 Taxes imposed by no authority,
 Each lewd collection was a robbery.

Bold, self-creating men statutes draw,
 Skill'd to establish villany by law,
 Fanatick drivers, whose unjust careers
 Produc'd new ills exceeding former fears:
 But authors here except that faithful band,
 Which the prevailing faction did withstand,
 And some who bravely stood in the defence
 Of baffl'd justice, and their injur'd Prince;
 These shine to after times; each sacred name
 Stands deep recorded in the books of fame.

T A L E III.

THE gen'rous Lion long the sceptre sway'd,
 And all the beasts most cheerfully obey'd;
 No crafty fox, nor any hard skull'd brute,
 Their rightful sovereign's title durst dispute;
 His rage made stubborn haughty rebels bow,
 And gen'rously he pardon'd them when low.
 The flock secure in fertile pastures fed,
 By careful guides to pleasant meadows led,
 Where crystal streams allay'd their heat and thirst,
 Cool shades and groves affording room for rest,
 To all the flock, with peace and plenty blest.

If fault he had, (for who from fault is free?)
 'Twas too much goodness, too much clemency.
 At last a factious crew of grunting hogs,
 With hissing serpents, and with croaking frogs,
 Conspir'd their lawful Leige-lord to dethrone.
 And to set up a Monarch of their own.
 From foreign shores an ugly beast they bring,
 Thus they anoint, and then proclaim it King;
 Half hog, half frog, amphibious and odd,
 Some viper's spawn, none of the works of God.

This monster, after he had got the crown,
 Did tyrannize in country and in town,
 Attended with a crew of vermin vile,
 Which ate the fruits, and razed the very soil;
 The lab'ring ox no grafs nor fodder had,
 The harmless sheep were fleec'd, yea, almost flea'd;
 The streams condemn'd, the springs were all lock'd up,
 Of which the beasts were scarce allow'd one cup;
 Suck desolation did attend his reign,
 As brought a scarcity of every thing.

At last a hoise did kick him from his throne,
 And by the fall he broke his collar bone;
 The subjects then he summon'd to appear,
 That they his last and best advice might hear.
 Take care, said he, when I am dead and gone,
 No Lion ever sit upon the throne;
 Now promise this, and then, to make it sure,
 The Lion's race straight you must all abjure.
 It grieves me that one Lionness remains,
 But should I live I'd drive her from these plains:
 Yet sure I am the serpents soon will kill
 This Lionness, with poison, sting, or pill.
*Nen easily may prophesy and know
 What they have plotted and resolv'd to do.*

Are not the bulls the glory of the field?
 Why shou'd the bulls then to the Lion yield?
 Or thick-skull'd beasts be subject to the laws
 Establish'd by a rascally Lion's paws?
 Behold, in yonder field, a stately bull,
 Two mighty horns do fortify his skull!
 How big his neck appears! how thick his skin!
 How large a dewlap hangs below his chin.

Among the horned animals the e's none
 That greater teats hath with his head-piece done.

A neighbouring bull his heifer did attack,
 Before his face, and got upon her back;
 The heifer lov'd the other bull the more,
 Because oft-times he'd done the same before;
 Inspir'd with rage and jealousy, he push'd
 His rival, and his bones in peices crush'd,
 And drove the freighted heifer from the plain,
 To which she never would return again.
 For which rare feat, it clearly does appear,
 That he deserves a diadem to wear.

With him there comes along a calf of note,
 It matters not by whom he wa begot;
 Just such a thing as, in the days of yore,
 Poor foolish man did for a God adore;
 For still when men do make them Gods or Kings,
 Then out comes calves, or some such brutish things;
 If calves by men for Gods had been ador'd,
 Why should not beasts have such a sovereign lord?
 He said, the list'ning croud all in a ring,
 Cry'd with one voice Long live our new horn'd King!
 The frogs and toads with hoarser voice did croak,
 The grunting hogs submitted to his yoke,
 And all the vipers with their hissing tone,
 Congratulate his accels to the throne.

The bull-dogs were a very trusty crew,
 Who to their lawful Leige-lord still prov'd true:
 They lov'd the Lion, and his gen'rous race,
 For which they all were treated with disgrace;
 Expell'd the court, and driven from the throne,
 And forc'd, for want of food, to gnaw a bone;
 Which very much rous'd their antipathy
 Against the bulls and their progeny,
 And made them long to have a merry meeting,
 And fairly once to try a sound bull-baiting.

T A L E IV.

THE preaching Monarch, the sweet finger's son,
 The peaceful King of Jewry fill'd the throne,
 When two pretending mothers did contend,
 And for a living child a suit intend;
 The doubtful plea before the throne they bring,
 To be decided by the wisest King;
 The prudent judge observ'd the artful tale,
 And well he knew that nature wou'd prevail;
 Reach me, said he, a sword, I'll soon decide
 The cause, and 'twixt you both the child divide.
 Both claim a right, and both their claims assert,
 The last by nature taught, the first by art:
 The rightful mother, cry'd, Oh! rather spare
 The living child, and I will yield my share,
 With pity mov'd, Oh! spare the child, she cry'd;
 No so, said the pretender, but divide,
 The rightful parent is for mercy still,
 The base pretender cries, divide and kill.

Scarce can a nat'ral parents tender eye,
 Look on and see unnat'ral children die;
 He'll suffer rather, and with measures mild
 Reclaim a son, than kill a rebel child.
 Stepfathers by their cruelty are known,
 Because they know the child is not their own;
 They whip the guiltless infant, whom they hate,
 To death, and then they seize on the estate.
 The brutish pagans, fill'd with slavish fear,
 To ugly deamons beatty altars rear;
 Devouter minds adore the power above,
 Because they all are clemency and love.

A prudent maid may easily discover
 A false pretender, and a real lover:

The one consults her honour, and her health,
 The other covets nothing but her wealth:
 The one practises nought but melting charms,
 To gain her heart, and draw her to his arms;
 He'd rathea chuse to languish and to die.
 Then offer her the least indignity.

The other swells with lustful rage and pride,
 And tries by tricks and bribes to gain the bride:
 His merit's small, to that he dares not trust,
 'Tis force, or fraud, must satisfy his lust;
 Unhappy maid! shou'dst thou thyself surrender
 A prostitute to such a vile pretender,
 Thy liberty and happiness is lost,
 And honour, which of all thou valuest most,
 His black designs, if once the rogue attain,
 Thy wealth he'll seize, thy person he'll detain;
 Of which possess'd, away from her he wanders,
 And wastes the same on whores, and pimps, and
 pandars,
 Who, when they've spent so much of thy good gear,
 Roaring and whoring nine months of the year,
 Then he returns, kisses, and calls thee honey,
 Sweet-heart and dear, to get more of thy moneh,
 All which he spends on bullies, pimps, and whores,
 Whilst thou must starve and languish within doors,
 By all thy neighbours slighted and neglected,
 By few regarded, and by none respected:
 Thyself and conduct, justly they dispise,
 And bid thee boast and glory in thy choice.

Forfake the beast, thyself and rights recover,
 Return again to thy true faithful lover:
 He'll not upbraid thee with thy former folly;
 One smile from thee will make him blyth and jolly.
 Return, return, he'll love thee more and more,
 Forgetting all that thou hast done before;

Whores, rogues, and bullies, he will soon expel,
In peace and plenty making thee to dwell.

TALE V.
THE COBLER.
AN IRISH TALE.

SAGES and moralists can show
Many misfortunes here below,
A truth which no one ever mis'd,
Tho' neither sage nor moralist;
Yet all the troubles, notwithstanding,
Which fate or fortune has a hand in,
Fools to themselves will more create,
In spite of fortune and of fate.
Thus oft are dreaming wretches seen,
Tortur'd with vapours and with spleen,
Transform'd (at least in their own eyes)
To glass, or china, or goose pyes:
Others will to themselves appear
Stone-dead as William the conquerer,
And all the world in vain might strive,
To force them t'own that they're alive;
Unlucky males with child will groan,
And sorely dread their lying down,
As tearing, that, to ease their pain,
Would puzzle Doctor Chamberlain.
Imaginary evils flow,
Merely for want of real woe,
And when prevailing whimsies rise,
As monstrous wild absurdities,
Are ev'ry hour and ev'ry minute,
Found without bedlam, as within it;

Which, if you further wou'd have shown,
And leisure have to read—read on.

There liv'd a gentleman, possess
Of all that mortals reckon best,
A seat well chosen, wholesome air,
With gardens and with prospects fair;
His land from debt and jointre free,
His money never in south sea,
His health of body firm and good,
Tho' past the hay-day in his blood;
His consort fair, and good, and kind,
His children rising to his mind:
His friends ingenious and sincere,
His honour, nay his conscience clear:
He wanted nought of humain bliss,
But power to taste his happiness.
Too near, alas! this great man's hall,
A merry cobbler had a stall,
An arch old wag as e'er you knew,
With breeches red, and jerkin blue;
Cheerful at working, as at play,
He sung and whistled life away:
When rising morn glads the sky,
Clear as the merry lark, and high,
When evening-shades the landskips veil,
Late warbling as the nightingale:
Tho' pence came slow, and trade was ill,
Yet still he sung, and whistled still;
Tho' patch'd his garb, and coarse his fare,
He laugh'd and cast away old care.

The rich man view'd, with discontent,
His tatter'd neighbour's merriment:
With envy grudg'd and pin'd, to see
A beggar pleasanter than he;
And by degrees to hate began
Th' intollerable man,

Who haunted him like any sp'rit,
From morn to eve, by day and night.

It chane'd as once in bed he lay
When dreams are true by break of day,
He heard the cobbler at his sport,
And, on a sudden, th' cut short,
Whether his morning draught he took,
Or warming whiff of wonted smoke,
The squire susp'cted being shrew'd,
This silence bo'ed him no good;
And, 'cause he nothing saw, nor heard,
A Machiavelian plot he fear'd;
Strait circumstances crowded plain,
To vex and plague his jealous brain;
Trembling in punick dread he lies,
With gaping mouth, and staring eyes,
And straining, lustful both his ears,
He soon persuades himself he hears
One skip and caper down the stairs:
Sees the door open quick, and knew
His dreaded foe in red and blue,
Who, with a running jump, he thought
Leapt plumb directly down his throat,
Laden with tackle of his stall,
Lest ends and hammer; strap and awl;
No sooner down than, with a jerk,
He fell to musick, and to work;
If much he griev'd the Don before,
When but to the inside of the door,
How sore must he now molest,
When got o' th' inside of his breast!
The waking dreamer groans and swells,
And pangs imaginary feels;

Catches and scrapes of tunes he hears,
 For ever ringing in his years;
 I'll favour'd smells his nose disalease,
 Mundungus strong, and rotten cheese;
 He feels him, when he draws his breath,
 Or tugs the leather with his teeth;
 Or beats the soul, or else extends
 His arms to th' utmost of his ends;
 Enough to crack, when stretch'd so wide,
 The ribs of any mortal side.
 Is there no method, then, to fly
 This vile intestine enemy?
 What can be done in this condition,
 But sending instant for physician?
 The doctor having heard the case,
 Burst into laughter in his face,
 Told him, he need no more than rise,
 Open his windows and his eyes,
 Whistling and stitching there to see
 Tee Cobler, as he us'd to be.

Sir, quoth the patient, your pretences
 Shall ne'er persuade me from my senses;
 How shou'd I rise? The heavy brute
 Will hardly let me wag a foot;
 Tho' seeing for belief may go,
 Yet feeling is the truth, you know:
 I feel him in my sides, I tell ye;
 Had you a cobbler in your belly,
 You force cou'd stir as now you do,
 I doubt your guts would grumble too:
 Still do you laugh, I tell you, Sir,
 I'd kick you soundly could I stir;
 Thou quack, that never had'st degree
 In either university.

Thou mere licentiate, without knowledge;
 The shame and scandal of the college;
 I'll call my servants, if you stay,
 So, doctor, scamper while you may.

One thus dispatch'd, a second came,
 Of equal skill and greater fame.
 Who swore him mad as a March hare,
 (For doctors, when provok'd will swear,)
 To drive such whimsies from his pat,
 He drag'd him to the window strait.
 But jilting fortune can devise,
 To baffle and outwit the wise;
 The Cobler, 'ere expos'd to view,
 Had just pull'd off his jerkin blue,
 Not dreaming 'twould his neighbour hurt,
 To sit in fresco in his shirt:
 O! quoth the patient, with a sigh,
 You know him not so well as I;
 The man who down my throat is run,
 Has got a true blue jerken on:
 In vain the doctor rav'd and tore,
 Argu'd and retted stamp'd and swore,
 Told him he might believe as well
 The giant of Pantagruel,
 Did oft, to break his fast and sup,
 For potch'd eggs swallow wind mills up;
 Or that the Holland dame could bear
 A child for every day o' th' year
 The vapour'd dot ar'd dottard, grave and fly,
 Mistok for tau h, each rapping lie,
 And drew conclusion from each of these,
 Resistless from the premisses;
 I hope my friends, you grant me all,
 A wind mill bigger than a nail,

And since the lady brought alive
 Children three hundred and sixty-five,
 Why should you think there is not room,
 For one poor Cobler in my womb?
 Thus every thing his friends could say,
 The more confirm'd him in his way;
 Further convinc'd, by what they tell,
 'Twas certain, tho' impossible.

Now worse and worse his piteous state
 Was grow, and alm st desperate;
 Yea still, the utmost bent to try,
 Without more help he would not die:
 An old physician, fly and shrewd,
 With mauagment of face endur'd.
 Heard all his tale, and ask'd with care,
 How long the Cobler had been there?
 Noted distinctly what was said.
 Lift up his eyes, and shook his head,
 And grave accosts him on this fashion,
 After mature deliberation,
 With serious and important face,
 Sir, your's is an uncommon case;
 Tho' I've read Galen's Latin o'er,
 I never met with it before;
 Nor have I found the like disease
 In stories of Hippocrates
 Then, after a convenient stay,
 Sir, if prescription you'll obey,
 My life for yours, I'll set you free
 From this same two legg'd company;
 'Tis true, you've gone beyond the cure
 Of fam'd worm powder of John Moor;
 Besides, if downwards he be sent
 I fear he'll split your neither vent:

But then your throat, you know, is wide,
 And scarce clos'd since 't was try'd,
 The same same way he in. 'tis plain,
 There's room to fetch him back again;
 I'll bring the forked worm away
 Without a dysenteria;
 Emetick strong will do the feat,
 If taken quantum sufficit;
 I'll see myself the proper dose.
 And go hypoticks to compose.

The wretch, too languishing and weak,
 Reviv'd already by the Greek,
 Cried, what so learn'd a man as you
 Prescribes, dear doctor, I shall do.

The vomit speedily was got,
 The cobbler sent for to the spot,
 And taught to manage the deceit,
 And not his doublet to forget.
 But first, the operator wife
 Over his sight a bandage ties,
 For vomits always strain the eyes.
 Courage! I'll make you disembooue.
 Spite of his teeth th' unlucky rogue;
 I'll drench the rascal, never fear.
 And bring him up, or drown him there.
 Warm water down he makes him pour,
 Till his stretch'd guts could hold no more,
 Which doubly sworn, as you may think,
 Both with the cobbler and the drink,
 What they receiv'd against the grain,
 Soon paid with interest back again.
 Here comes his tools, he can't be long
 Without his hammer and his thong.

The cobbler humour'd what was spoke,
 And gravely carried on the joke ;
 As he heard name each single matter,
 He chuck'd it souf into the watter,
 And, then, not to be seen as yet,
 Behind the door made his retreat.
 The sick man now takes breath a while,
 Strength to recruit for former toil ;
 Unblinded, he, with joyful eyes,
 The tackle floating there espies,
 Fully convinc'd within his mind,
 The cobbler could not stay behind,
 Who to the ale house still would go,
 When e'er he wanted work to do ;
 Nor could he like his present place,
 He ne'er lov'd water in his days.
 At length he takes a second bout,
 Enough to turn his inside out ;
 With vehemence so sore he strains
 As wou'd have split another's brains.
 Ah ! here the cobbler comes, I swear,
 (And truth it was ; for he was there,)
 And like rude, ill-manner'd clown,
 Kick'd with his foot the vomit down.
 The patient now grow wond'rous light,
 Whip'd off the napkin from his sight,
 Briskly lift up his head and knew
 The breeches and the jerkin hue,
 And smil'd to hear him grumbly say,
 As down the stairs he rah away,
 He'd ne'er set foot within his door,
 And jump down open throats no more ;
 No, while he liv'd he'd ne'er again,
 Run like a fox, down the red lane.

Our patient thus his intimate gone,
 Cur'd of the crotchets in his crown,
 Joyful his gratitude expresses,
 With thousand thanks and hundred pieces;
 And thus with much of pains and cost,
 Regain'd the health he never lost.

M O R A L.

- ' Taught by long miseries, we find
- ' Repose is seated in the mind;
- ' And most men, soon or late, have found,
- ' 'Tis there, or no where, to be found.
- ' This real wisdom timely knows,
- ' Without experience of the woes;
- ' Nor need instructive smart to see,
- ' That all below is vanity:
- ' Loss disappointment, passion, strife,
- ' Whate'er torments, or troubles life,
- ' Tho' groundless, grievous in its stay,
- ' I will shake our tenements of clay,
- ' When past as nothing we esteem,
- ' And pain like pleasure's but a dream.'

10 JU 52

F I N I S.

